

Featuring BLUE BOLT

DECEMBER

BLUE BOLT

BLUE BOLT



VOL. 5 NO. 3

TOM
FILL



WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



BLUE BOLT FLASHES

The Editors Write:

Hi—

We don't mean to rub it in but you've been back at school for nearly a month so you should be used to it by now. No doubt vacation thoughts still linger in your memory, and the old swimming hole sets you to day-dreaming. Better snap out of it, though. It's important that you do, for sticking to your studies and getting the best marks possible is a mighty important job; and one that only YOU can do.

You probably envy the older fellows and fancy yourself with a Garand across your shoulder or doing a day's work replacing someone in service, but that really isn't your job. Not yet, anyway, for this education that some short-sighted fellows resist so forcefully is the one important item in your life right now. Those who are capable are doing the fighting, and there are still enough workers in industry to leave the studying up to you at home who have not finished High School. It's your war job. May not be fun but then what they're doing on fighting fronts all over the world isn't fun either. So dig in and get to work and show them over there what a swell job you can do when you honestly want to.

Give this school proposition real thought, though, and you'll realize how vital it is for you to plug away right here at home and stock up on that special brand of knowledge, which will go a long way in straightening out this tipsy world after the war is won.

Cordially yours,
THE EDITORS

The Readers Write:

Dear Editors:

I have read your comic for about a year and think it's the best comic I've ever read. I really don't see how anyone could make a complaint. You must have a very fine staff of writers and artists, for I don't know of any other comic that is better than BLUE BOLT.

I sell my old comic books and buy War Stamps.

Yours truly,
Majorie West
West Orange, N. J.

Naturally we agree wholeheartedly! Thanks for the orchids, Majorie.

Dear Editors:

In your last issue you received a letter from a boy in which he states that a girl would wreck BLUE BOLT and if we don't like it, it's tough. Sirs, would you please tell what per cent of your readers are girls. I think he's very rude and he'll soon find out that we don't like boys who aren't gentlemen. I think it only fair that we be allowed to defend ourselves.

I like every character in BLUE BOLT COMICS even without girls and I like Dick Cole best. As I remember, Dick has a girl friend, doesn't he?

Yours truly,
Joan Dillen
Chicago, Ill.

That's certainly telling him, Joan. You get across the idea that "he just ain't got no manners."

Dear Editors:

I just finished the latest issue of BLUE BOLT and I think it's swell except for Edison Bell. I agree with Ronald Boehi that Edison Bell has too many big ideas. He should get into trouble like other boys his age.

My two favorites are Dick Cole and Blue Bolt. I wish too that you would put more Blue Bolts and Nuts in. I think there should be two pages instead of one.

I'm buying War Stamps to help win the war for I feel that everyone should try to help the war effort in some way.

Yours truly,
Audrey Teitelbaum
Fair Lawn, N. J.

We'll have to look into this Edison Bell business, Audrey, for some other readers have the same ideas on the subject that you have.

Dear Editors:

I have been reading and enjoying BLUE BOLT COMICS for a period of at least two years. When I finish reading it I send it to my brother who is serving in the Army in Ireland. I would like to have you know what he truthfully wrote to me.

"The little Irish boys and girls read BLUE BOLT COMICS after I am finished, and boy, do they get a kick out of Krisko & Jasper. Please continue sending BLUE BOLT."

I wanted you to know that American boys and girls are not the only ones who enjoy BLUE BOLT COMICS, but also other children in far off lands.

Sincerely,
Scotty Sinclair
Worcester, Mass.

Thanks a lot for your letter, Scotty. We got quite a kick out of the fact that BLUE BOLT has found its way to Ireland.

Dear Editors:

I would like to take this method of congratulating you and your staff for such wonderful comics. They are really popular with the G.I.'s here. After all, the three greatest morale builders are: music, reading and letters from home—which mean more than anything!

I'm from Texas and have been in the Navy six months, and have enjoyed every moment of it. It's a wonderful experience for anyone. I wouldn't take anything for it.

I think Dick Cole and Blue Bolt are tops. In fact, I think your magazine is tops. The stories aren't so boring and silly as others that I have read.

Yours truly,
Chas. Pierce
Treasure Island, Calif.

Another verbal pat on the back for BLUE BOLT which we couldn't resist printing. Thanks for your interest, Charles.

Dear Editors:

I have just read my first issue of BLUE BOLT. I think it is very good. My favorite is Krisko and Jasper. My second choice is Edison Bell.

Yours truly,
Hank Jewell III
Alexandria, Va.

Welcome to our ranks, Hank. Hope you continue to like BLUE BOLT.

ADDRESS YOUR MAIL TO BLUE BOLT COMICS, 111 W. 19th St., NEW YORK 11, N. Y.

\$1.00 in War Stamps will be sent to the writer of each letter published on this page.

A 25c War Stamp will be sent if a portion of a letter is used.

DICK GOLF

JIM WILCOX--

JERRY, KEEP THIS A SECRET.... THERE IS.....
\$2000 IN THE SCHOOL SAFE!
YEAH, THE PRIZES AT THE HALLOWEEN
PARTY TO NIGHT ARE TO BE SILVER DOLLARS.
\$300 FIRST PRIZE. WINNERS BUY
WAR BONDS.

WHAT!

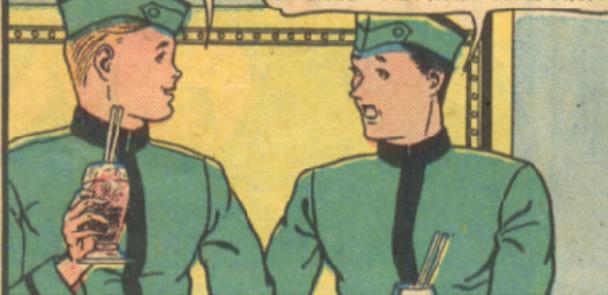
GEE,
HONEST? BUT...

WHERE'D THE MONEY COME FROM?

ARTIE MEAD,
JUNIOR STUDENT AT
FARR MILITARY ACADEMY,
POSSESSED A VIVID IMAGINATION.
OUR STORY OPENS IN THE HOPETON
SWEET SHOPPE, WHERE, OVER A
SODA WITH A FELLOW STUDENT,
ARTIE'S IMAGINATION IS GOING
FULL BLAST..... IN THE NEXT
BOOTH, TWO MEN LISTEN
ATTENTIVELY.

YOU
BET!

COME ON.
LET'S GET
BACK AND
CHECK OUR
COSTUMES



Art Director
MEL CUMMIN

Editor and General Manager—ROBERT D. WHEELER

Editorial Assistant
PEGGY ANN CROWLEY

Associate Editor—JANE SPAULDING NYE

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SATURDAY NIGHT...
THE GYMNASIUM AT
FARR M.A. IS
SWARMING WITH
THE MEMBERS OF
THE JUNIOR SCHOOL,
ALL IN COSTUME, AND
ALL EXCITEDLY
AWAITING THE OPEN-
ING OF THE
HALLOWEEN
FESTIVITIES.....
FACULTY MEMBERS
AND UPPER CLASS-
MEN CROWD THE
GYM BALCONY TO
WATCH THE FUN.



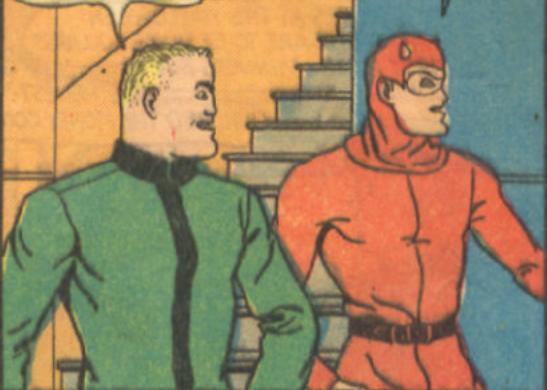
IN DICK'S ROOM.
Y'KNOW, SIMBA, I
FEEL REAL DEV'LISH
TO NIGHT!

HURRY, DICK, IT'S NEARLY
8.30. AS MASTER OF
CEREMONIES, YOU CAN'T
BE LATE.



BARKLEY HALL'S YOUR
ASSISTANT, ISN'T HE?
NICE, FRIENDLY PAL.
I DON'T THINK!

OH, HE'S OKAY. WE
JUST DON'T QUITE
SEE EYE TO EYE-YET.



AND IN BARK HALL'S ROOM-
WELL, STEP ON IT, BETSY
ROSS! THE PARTY
BEGINS IN TEN MINUTES.

CONFFOUND THIS
TEAR! I CAN'T GO
UNTIL I SEW IT UP!



NOW LOOK! I'VE SEwed BOTH SIDES TO-
GETHER! JED, YOU GO ON AND TELL PROF.
POTTS I'LL BE THERE AS
SOON AS I CAN.

OKAY,
BARK.

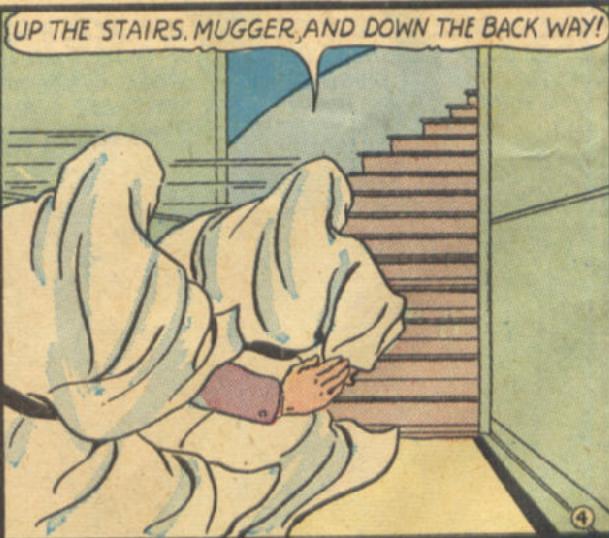
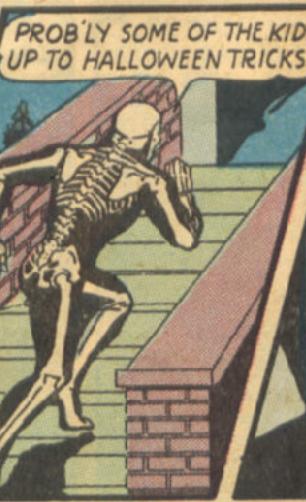
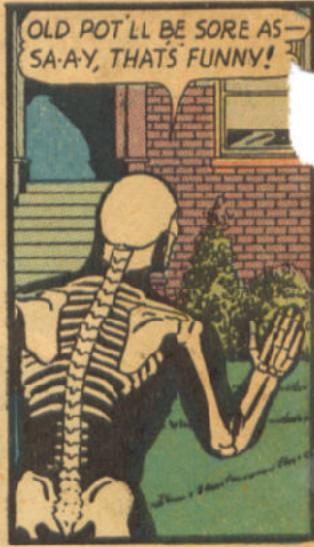
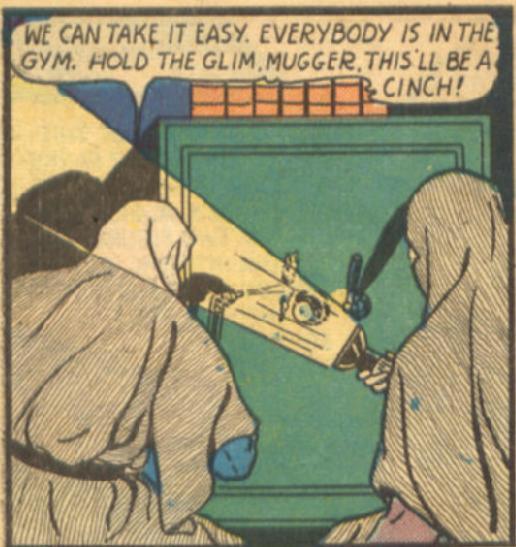
FARR M.



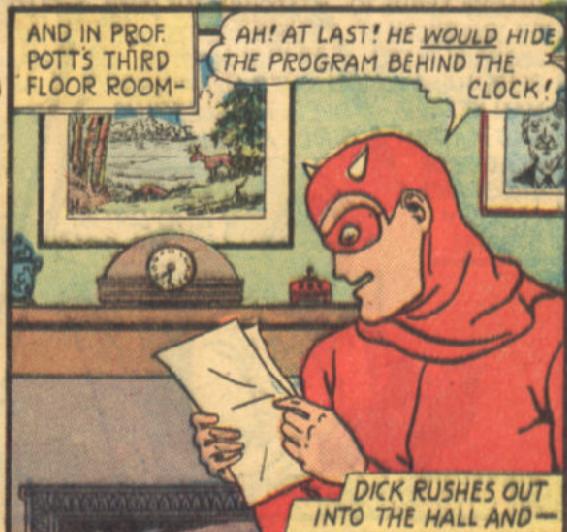
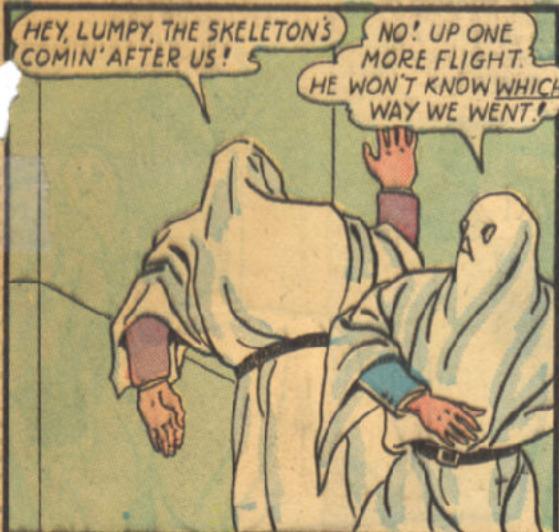


- BUT, ABOUT THIS TIME, A CAR PARKS AT THE EDGE OF THE FARR M.A. GROUNDS, AND TWO FIGURES SLINK INTO THE DEEP SHADOWS, TO FURTIVELY ENCIRCLE THE SCHOOL BUILDINGS AND THEN REAPPEAR AT THE REAR OF FARR HALL.





QUESTION No. 2 Is there an inconsistency in the time on this and the opposite page?



"IN HERE" LEADS TO THE TWO ROOMS OF MIGRAIN PLUTO BLUE, HANDY MAN AT FARR, AND AVID READER OF GHOST AND MYSTERY STORIES.

"SLOWLY THE DIM FORM DRIFTS OUT OF THE MIST TO HOVER MENACINGLY OVER THE SLEEPING GIRL. A CHILL, DANK—

"PLUTO, AH'S SHAMED O' YOU! IT'S DEM KIDS HALLOWEENIN' ME! AH'LL SKER' EM—



MIGRAIN PLUTO BLUE BROKE ALL RECORDS FOR REVERSING FRONT-

DEM GHOSTS AIN'T NO KIDS!..BE OPEN, DOAH!



AND CROSSING HIS ROOMS TO THE OTHER DOOR—WHERE—



AND THEN DICK PASSES, HARD ON HALL'S HEELS!

HEBBEN SAVE ME! OLD NICK HISSELF!!



OH-OH! FEET TAKE ME FUM DIS PLACE! AI-OW!

(GULP!) HYAH COME DEM GHOSES!



GIT GOIN', MUGGER, WE GOTTA GET OUTTA HERE!



PLUTO'S SHRIEK BRINGS HALL UP SHARP.
HE TURNS-AND-

NOW, I'VE
GOT YOU!



WHAT'S THE IDEA? I'M
BARKLEY HALL. WHO ARE YOU?

NOT NOW! THOSE "GHOSTS"
WERE ROBBING
THE SCHOOL
SAFE! WE'VE
GOT TO
CATCH
'EM!

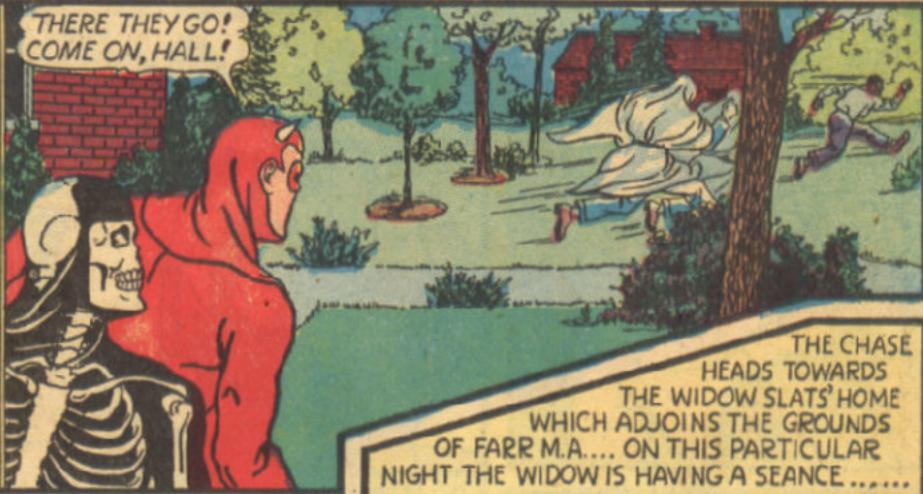
DICK COLE! AND,
HALL, I'M GOING
TO TEACH YOU-

YEA-UH? O-KAY!
LET'S GO!



MEANWHILE,
PLUTO, TAKING
THREE FLIGHTS
OF STAIRS IN
NOTHING FLAT,
REACHES THE
GROUND FLOOR
-AND OUT INTO
THE NIGHT.....
CLOSE BEHIND
HIM THE TWO
"GHOSTS" FLEE
THE SCENE.
DICK AND
BARKLEY RUSH
DOWN AND
OUT THE REAR
DOOR.

THERE THEY GO!
COME ON, HALL!



THE CHASE
HEADS TOWARDS
THE WIDOW SLATS' HOME
WHICH ADJOINS THE GROUNDS
OF FARR M.A.... ON THIS PARTICULAR
NIGHT THE WIDOW IS HAVING A SEANCE

-AND NOW.... ALL LIGHTS WILL BE EXTINGUISHED,
AND MADAME TSORNI WILL ENDEAVOR TO BRING
US MY DEAR, DEPARTED HUSBAND, OLLIE... READY?
LIGHTS OUT, MAUD.

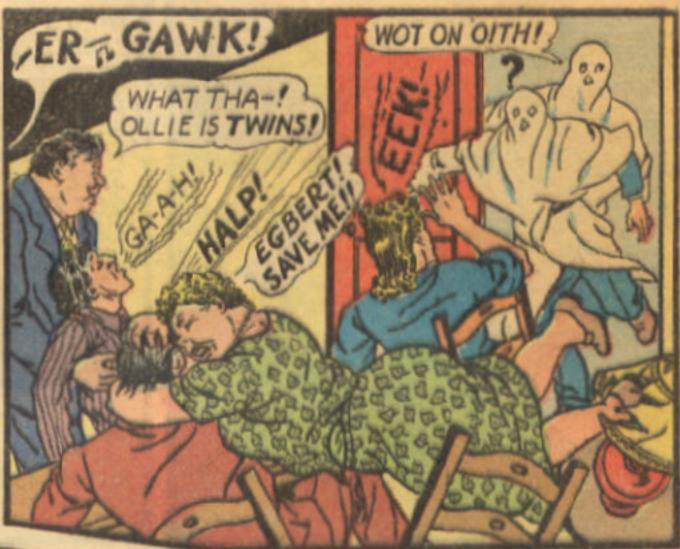
YES-SUM,
MISS SLATS-

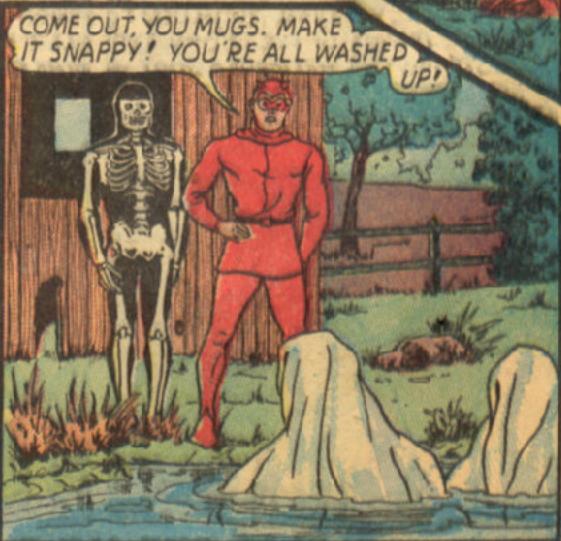
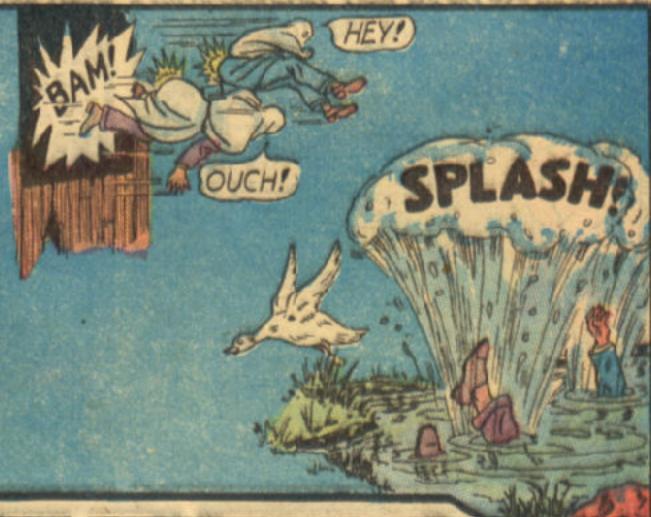


AND NOT FAR OFF-
THAT HOUSE IS
DARK. NOBODY
HOME. WE'LL
SNEAK IN THERE.

WE'VE LOST THE
DARKEY. MR.
DEVIL AN' MR. BONES
AIN'T IN SIGHT. SO-
NOW WOT, LUMPY?







Do you see any hollow horned ruminants on this page?

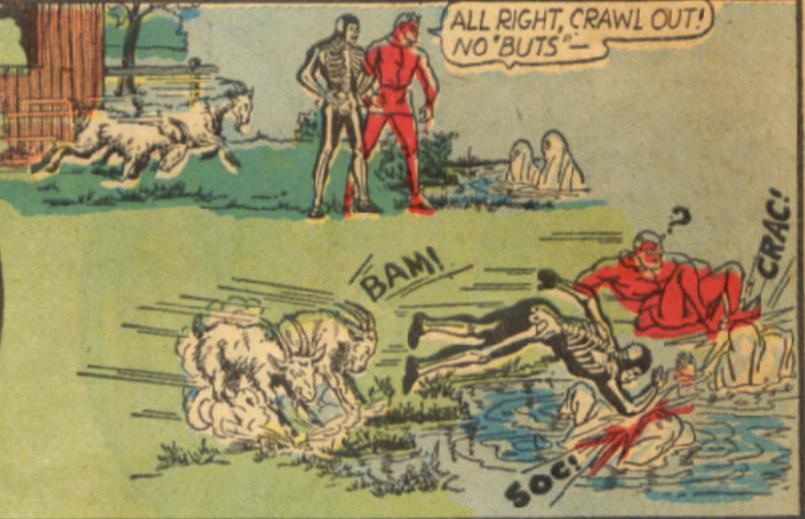
QUESTION
No. 4

WHISKERS AND BILLY
AREN'T THROUGH YET.

UCK-OH!
TWO MORE!
YES??

YES!!
CHARGE!

ALL RIGHT, CRAWL OUT!
NO "BUTS"—



KEEP AN EYE ON 'EM, HALL. I'M GOING TO THE
HOUSE TO PHONE THE HOPETON POLICE.

OKAY.
BOY! WE SURE
KNOCKED 'EM OUT!



WELL, WELL! LUMPY LAZZO AND
MUGGER! BOYS, YOU HIT THE JACK-
POT! THERE'S A \$1000 REWARD
FOR LUMPY. SEE THE CHIEF AT
THE STATION IN THE MORNING.



BACK ON THE
CAMPUS THE BOYS
ARE CONFRONTED
BY PROF. POTTS.

HERE YOU ARE!
WHERE IS THE
PROGRAM?! YOU
TWO DISRUPTED
THE ENTIRE
PARTY! WHERE
HAVE YOU BEEN!



SIR, WE WERE
CHASING TWO
GHOSTS AND—
YOU MADE A GOAT
OUT OF ME!... SO! NO
MORE HOLIDAYS FOR YOU
TWO UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE!



HMM-M. LOOKS
LIKE WE'RE
THE GOATS,
NOT "OLD POT!"

HECK, NO!
WE'RE EACH
\$500 TO THE
GOOD! THAT
GOAT CAN
BUTT ME DAILY
AT THAT PRICE!

AND MILES AWAY—

PUFF! FEET
KEEP...PUFF..
A-GOIN' PUFFEZ!
PUFF....

WHAT DID THE
BOYS DO WITH THE
REWARD MONEY?
THEY BOUGHT WAR
BONDS, WITHOUT A MIN-
UTE'S HESITATION!

WHEN YOU COLLECT
WASTE PAPER, DON'T PASS
UP THE SMALL SCRAPS
SUCH AS ENVELOPES,
WRAPPINGS, ADS,
ETC. THEY ALL
ADD UP!

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SLAP THE JAP BY SAVING SCRAP!

Edison BELL

JERRY AND I HAVE SHOWN YOU OUR PROJECTS FOR THE HIGH SCHOOL HANDIWORK CONTEST-- NOW, WHAT'S YOURS?

EDDIE, JERRY, AND RED ARE BUSY MAKING THEIR ENTRIES FOR THE HIGH SCHOOL HANDIWORK CONTEST -- BUT, RED WON'T TELL WHAT HE'S MAKING UNTIL - - -

I MIGHT TELL FOR A SODA!

OKAY, C'MON! MY TREAT!



THREE CHOCOLATE SODAS, BILL!

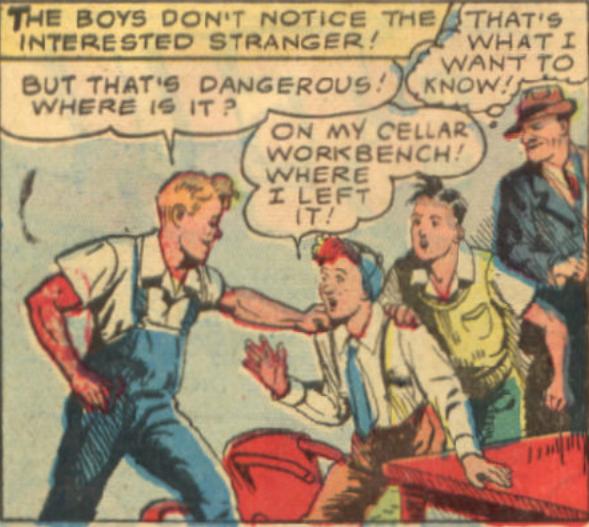
OKAY -- NOW WHAT'S YOUR ENTRY?

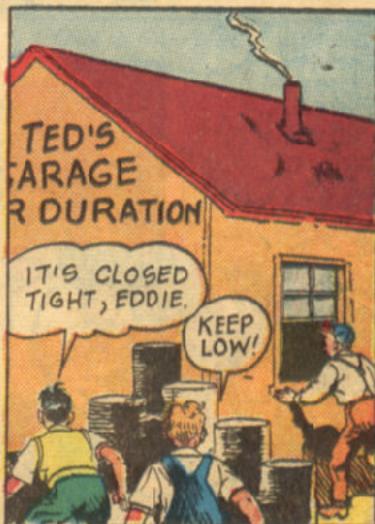
I'VE CARVED A LINOLEUM BLOCK FOR AN ANTI-BLACK MARKET POSTER. IT HAS PERFECT COPIES OF RATION STAMPS!

HMM.. VERY INTERESTING!



COME ON, KIDS, LET'S DO OUR PART
AND UPSET TOJO'S APPLE CART.





ED AND JERRY TO THE RESCUE --

LET HIM GO!

POW!!

BUT, THE GANGSTER HAS FRIENDS, TOO!

THESE KIDS KNOW BARNES IS HERE!

WHAT'S UP?

DO YOU KNOW THESE KIDS, BOSS?

YES--IN A WAY!

YOU'RE THE MAN AT THE SODA FOUNTAIN!! WELL, WHAT'RE YOU GONNA DO WITH US?

YOU CAN RUN ERRANDS, CAN'T YOU?

EITHER YOU KIDS WORK FOR ME, OR THE FBI GETS THIS CUT--AND YOU'LL GET TWENTY YEARS!

WHAT HAVE I DONE?

THE BOYS DECIDE THEY'D BETTER PLAY BALL...

OKAY--EDDIE, YOU WRAP THE STUFF! JERRY, RED, YOU CAN RUN THEM!

HOPE JERRY GETS THE IDEA!

SO LONG AS YOU TWO BEHAVE, EDDIE WILL STAY HEALTHY, UNDERSTAND?

I MANAGED TO WRITE A MESSAGE INSIDE THE WRAPPING WITH THAT INK--HOPE THIS WORKS!

ULP-- YES, SIR!



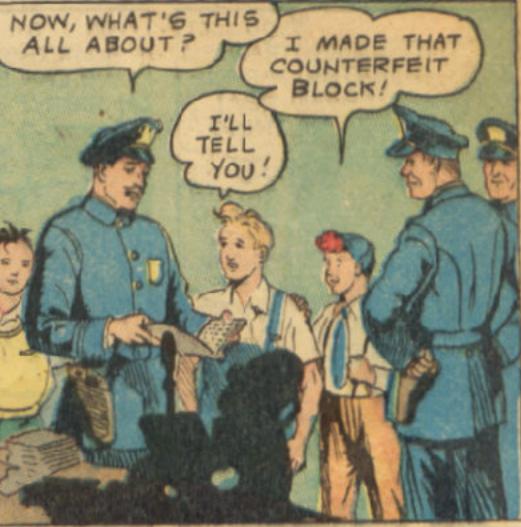
THE DOOR IS SLAMMED AND LOCKED--



EDDIE DROPS THE HOOK JUST AS THE POLICE BREAK IN!



AND THE ENTIRE GANG IS ROUNDED UP WITHOUT ANOTHER SHOT.



INCIDENTALLY, THERE IS A \$1000 REWARD FOR BARNES'S CAPTURE!



BUT YOU ARE LIABLE FOR A HUGE FINE FOR COUNTERFEITING EVEN THOUGH YOU DID IT INNOCENTLY!



YOU CAN MAKE THE THIRD COLUMBUS' SHIP MODEL!



QUESTION No. 10. Would a policeman in real life destroy Federal evidence to help an honest boy?

EDISON BELL'S

LINOLEUM BLOCK PRINTING PRESS

THIS UNIQUE OUTFIT
WILL MAKE IT EASY FOR YOU
TO "ENGRAVE" AND PRINT
YOUR OWN GREETING CARDS,
BOOK NAME PLATES, AND SO
FORTH.

REMEMBER THAT THE
PRINT WILL BE THE
REVERSE OF WHAT YOU CUT...
SO MAKE ALL WORDS, ETC.
BACKWARDS!"

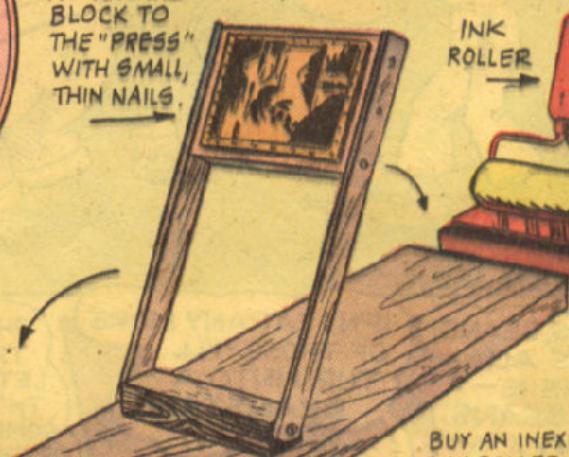
By Ray Bell

THIS SIMPLE ALL WOOD PRINTING PRESS
WILL ENABLE YOU TO MAKE MANY
PERFECT PRINTS IN SUCCESSION.

FASTEN THE
BLOCK TO
THE "PRESS"
WITH SMALL,
THIN NAILS.



INSERT PAPER OR CARD TO BE
PRINTED INTO THE HOLDER AND
BRING PRESS DOWN, TO INSURE
A GOOD PRINT. PRESS PRINTER
DOWN FIRMLY!

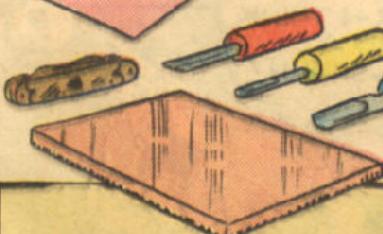


BUY AN INEXPENSIVE
INK ROLLER AND A
BOTTLE OF THICK
PRINTER'S INK.
RUN THE INKED
ROLLER OVER THE
"CUT" BETWEEN
EACH PRINTING!

HOW
TO
CUT A
LINOLEUM
BLOCK.

THIN WOOD PAPER
HOLDER CAN BE
ADJUSTED TO THE
PROPER SIZE.

SKETCH YOUR PICTURE IN
PENCIL. MARK BLACK AND WHITE
AREAS. FIRST CUT A $\frac{1}{4}$ INCH
BORDER AROUND THE BLOCK (FOR
NAILING LATER) AND THEN
GOUGE OUT ALL THE AREAS
YOU WANT TO REMAIN
WHITE. DO NOT CUT
THE BLACK AREAS!



THE FINISHED CUT
READY FOR PRINTING.
ALL RAISED SURFACES
WILL PRINT BLACK!

KRIS KO and JASPER...

BY MILT HAMMER

HEY - TAKE IT
EASY, TOSSIN'
THOSE CANS - I
ONNEY GOT
TWO HANDS -
REMEMBER
??



BEANS, BEANS,
THA'S ALL
THERE IS -
JIST BEANS
!!!

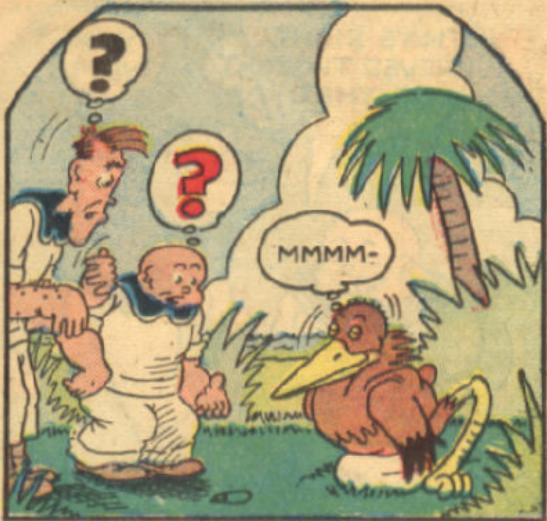
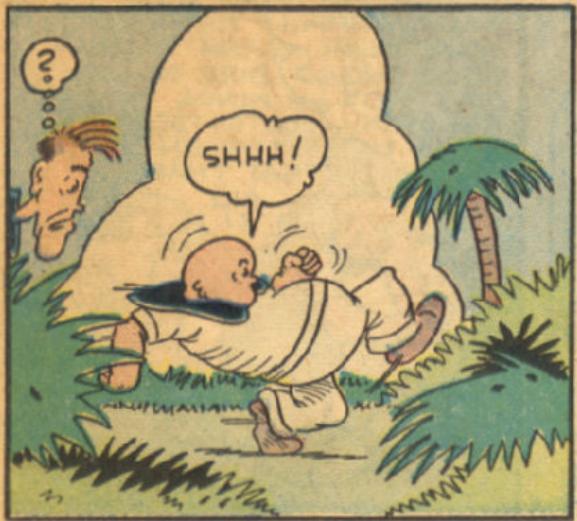
IF'N I EAT ANY MORE
OF THOSE - I'LL
TURN INTO A
BEANSTALK
!!!

PHOOEY-FERGIT, NOW THA'S A VERY
GOOD EYE-DEAR!!
LET'S LOOK 'ROUND
TH' ISLAND FER
SOME OTHER KIND
OF CHOW
!!!



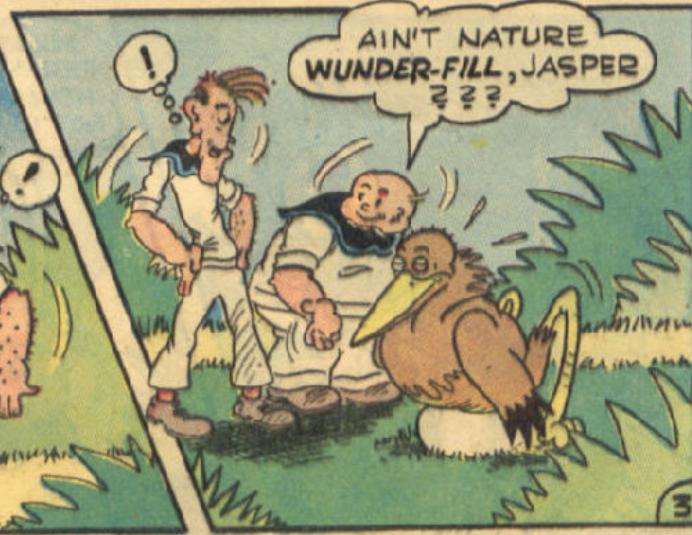
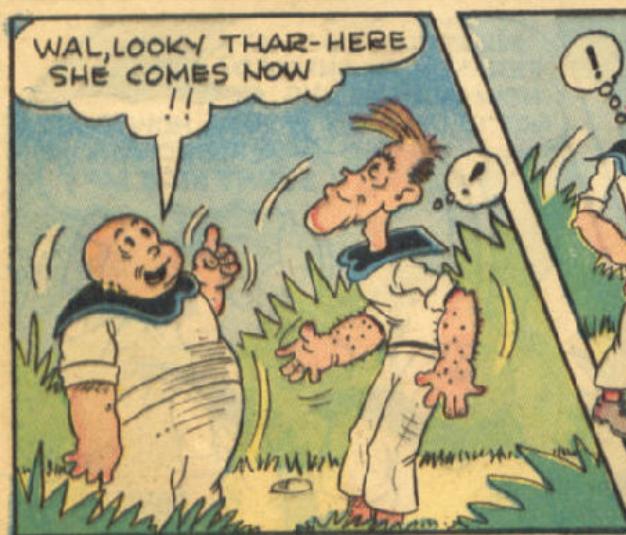
PSSST, JASPER - I THINK
I JIST HEARD A
FUNNY SOUND - SHHHH!

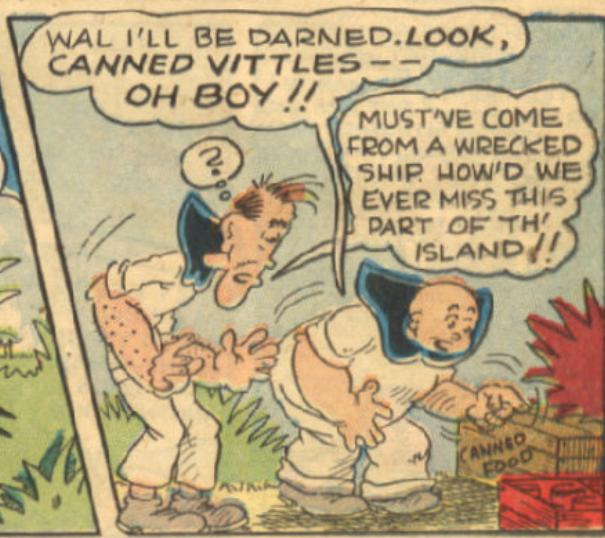
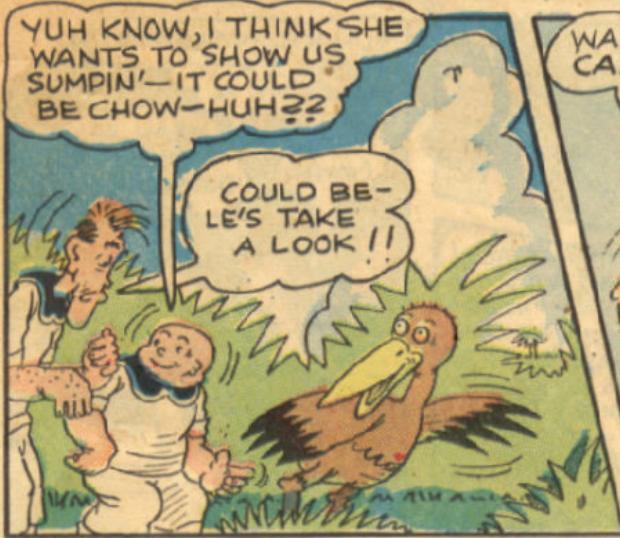


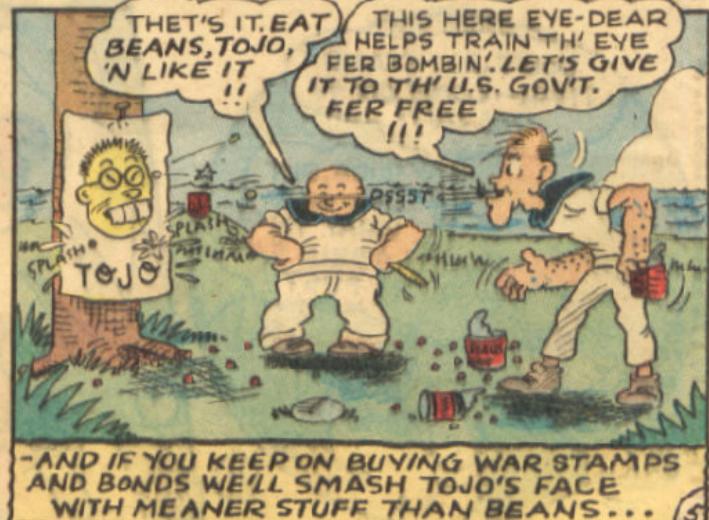


Is the bird in picture 2 either a lark or a wild turkey?

QUESTION NO. 11.







SAVING PAPER, EVERY SCRAP,
WILL WIPE THE AXIS FROM THE MAP.

PRIVATE MONEYBAGS

By William F. Haywood

IT was bound to happen sooner or later. It came when the roll was called at "boot camp" for the first time. The sergeant didn't hesitate when he called the name of Pvt. Brian Van Dyke, but a good many heads craned involuntarily to see who would respond.

The blond young Marine reddened right up to his hairline. At the exclusive college he had attended, it didn't matter so much if you were one of the wealthiest boys in the country, but in the Marine Corps—

Brian kept his head up until the order to dismiss, and then he bolted for the barracks. A couple of his mates came along a few minutes later, and while he surreptitiously searched through his duffel for something he didn't need, he could observe that they were watching him curiously.

It didn't take long, however, before the expected dislike for wealth showed up among the recruits. There had to be some when you throw a large number of boys from all parts of the country and all walks of life together in the melting pot of military service.

It was pretty tough on Brian for a while. Whenever the sergeant had a particularly nasty job, he somehow considered it just the thing to turn over to "Pvt. Moneybags." It is a rough life to be born into wealth if you intend to make your way in the world among those who have never seen much money outside of a bank. Brian had been forced to prove it before and he saw it would have to be done again in the Marines. He hoped it wouldn't be too long before he had an opportunity.

He thought the chance had come when one of his tormentors tricked him into an extra dose of guard duty. Brian knew it wasn't his turn and he could have proved his point to his superior officers, but he didn't want to make his position more untenable by "squealing." So he took the extra turn, anyway.

The boy behind the dirty work was a tough product of a rough-and-tumble existence, and

he came around to gloat over a Van Dyke doing guard duty for fifty a month. One word led to another and the rough-and-tumble took a hefty swing at the "upper class." He wound up sitting it out, because he walked into a very pretty left hook. Just when a captain was strolling by, too.

The incident was settled in leatherneck fashion—the two were matched in the camp ring that weekend. While the "tough guy" was out for revenge, Brian just wanted to show his buddies he was a "regular guy." It wasn't too hard because he had been intercollegiate boxing champion and the Marines were treated to an exhibition well worth watching. It ended when Van Dyke, tired of lacing his too-eager opponent every time he lunged forward, stiffened him with a stinging uppercut that hardly any of the cheering leathernecks saw start.

Unfortunately the occurrence didn't seem to improve matters much. His buddies didn't pick on Pvt. Van Dyke after that but they were more aloof—"What can you say to a millionaire?" seemed to be the attitude.

Boot camp doesn't last forever, though, even if some Marines feel it does. And the young Marine was soon too engrossed in preparations for a sea journey to pay much attention to other matters.

They were a long time at sea, and when they landed they were on unfamiliar soil—a strange tropical island in the middle of a vast, silent sea. The name of the coral-fringed strand was unknown to most of the world when they landed but it has become an historical word. Pvt. Van Dyke was one of the last to go over the side into a landing barge—his sergeant was still treating him like a pampered child—but there was plenty of action when he got ashore. At first Brian was just as scared as any Marine with his first taste of battle, but true to the tradition of the corps, he didn't show it. Before long he was able to think about what he was doing and the skill he had shown on the firing range was put to good advantage.

The sergeant picked a group of men for the particularly dangerous mission of working inland up the bed of a dried-up stream to the enemy ammunition dump and Brian was quick to volunteer, but the sergeant would have none of him. Bitter and disappointed, he turned to with the group remaining on the beach and dug a foxhole in the burning sand.

The expedition didn't get going on schedule, though, as one of the men was wounded too severely to start. Brian had an idea. He went to the captain and explained it.

"The men have to be camouflaged like commandos, sir, with their faces all painted. I'd like to go along and if the sergeant doesn't recognize me I think he will take me."

The captain figured Van Dyke should get a chance and so Brian plastered himself generously with war paint and reported for duty. It worked, and soon the little band was sweating and crawling through the dense jungle growth that almost covered the bed of the stream, working inches at a time toward their goal, risking momentary discovery and with it, annihilation.

Van Dyke stuck close to the sergeant and a couple of times he even helped him out of some rough spots. In fact, if the sergeant had known who the man was who was sticking so near, he would have had quite a shock.

Suddenly they broke through into a clearing. There was a road leading down a slope to a low, rickety building that was camouflaged with branches so it could hardly be distinguished. There were Jap guards posted around the clearing, indicating this must be the ammunition store. At the top of the slope a truck was parked.

The sergeant explained his idea to the men, and because he was in command they agreed to it, although they didn't like it. He proposed to run the Jap truck down the slope into the dump while they covered him by picking off the guards.

The sergeant didn't reach the truck. A guard spotted him almost as soon as he slipped out

of the jungle, and while the Marines opened a strong covering fire, he was wounded. One of the Marines jumped to his assistance. It was Van Dyke. He pulled the sergeant back into the comparative safety of the jungle and then, before he could be stopped, sprinted for the Jap vehicle. He made the driver's seat, released the brake, then jumped aside as the truck started down the grade, gaining momentum as it went. The Marines didn't wait to see what would happen as the Japs were coming up the hill in large numbers and fanning out into the jungle. Van Dyke lifted the sergeant to his shoulders and stumbled into the jungle with him, while the others kept up an accurate, but skimpy fire into the enemy charging after them.

It was an agonizing struggle to win their way back to the beach but the little group of Marines made it. Some of them didn't get back, but a few did and they were rewarded when they felt the ground tremble under their burning feet and heard a heavy rumble as the ammunition dump exploded behind them. As they staggered on to the beach a company of Marines met them and gave a hot reception to the Japs who were on their heels. Brian Van Dyke was tired, dead tired, when he lowered the sergeant into the waiting hands of the medical corpsmen. The sergeant was trying to thank him and find out who he was, but he couldn't speak.

A few days later, though, when the island had been won and the sergeant was on the road to recovery from his wounds, he sought out the captain.

"I'd like to find out who that Marine was who brought me back from the jungle, sir," he said. "He was one tough Marine!"

"Well," laughed the captain, "you asked for it! That tough Marine was your old friend, Pvt. Moneybags!"

The sergeant was a good Marine, too. He knew when he was wrong. He looked up Brian and told him what was on his mind. And do you know, the sergeant has been taking boxing lessons from Van Dyke? Seems he has offered to knock the block off any Marine who calls Brian "Pvt. Moneybags!"

BLUE BOLT

THE AMERICAN



WHILE BLUE BOLT AND CHARLEY LAND A HUNDRED MILES FROM AN IMPORTANT TEXAS AIR BASE, TWO PILOTS PARACHUTE TO SAFETY...



I WAS IN THE
SOUTH PACIFIC
WHEN THEY SENT
FOR ME. UNDER-
STAND IT'S
URGENT.

IT IS. FIVE
OF OUR PLANES
MAKING TEST
FLIGHTS EX-
PLODED. TWO
PILOTS WERE SAVED,
BUT WE CAN'T FIND
WHY THESE PLANES
BLEW UP.

MOTORS WERE
INSPECTED BEFORE
EVERY TAKE-OFF AND RE-
PORTED IN ORDER. YET,
THE PLANES EXPLODED.
HERE ARE THE REPORTS,
LIEUTENANT.

LATER AT THE TEXAS BASE...

ALL THE TIN THAT YOU CAN SAVE
WILL DIG THE JAP A DEEPER GRAVE.

MM... ONE THING COINCIDES. THOSE EXPLOSIONS ALL OCCURRED ONE HOUR AFTER THE PLANES LEFT THE FIELD. AND IN CLEAR FLYING WEATHER. COL., ARE THERE OTHER TESTS TO BE MADE?

YES, THE MOST IMPORTANT OF ALL.

A NEW SUPER-SPEED DEVICE IS TO BE TESTED. IT'S SMALL, EASILY INSTALLED...

GOOD! IF CONDITIONS ARE RIGHT, I WANT TO MAKE THAT TEST FLIGHT TOMORROW MORNING...

...AND WHERE TO MAKE THIS FLIGHT IN A PLANE THAT'LL PROBABLY EXPLODE IN MID-AIR?... WHAT A PRETTY PROSPECT!

YOU CAN BACK OUT, CHARLEY.



THE NEXT MORNING THE ACE AVIATOR IS JOINED BY HIS PAL, CHARLEY.

OH; NO! IF YOU'RE GOING TO STICK YOUR NECK OUT, I'M STICKING MINE OUT, TOO!

I GUESS I EXPECTED THAT FROM YOU.

IM ED SMITH, MECHANIC. SHE'S HUMMING SWEET-- BUT SO WERE ALL THOSE OTHER PLANES... I WISH YOUD CHECK HER TOO, SIR.

O.K. I WILL.

WHERE'S THE GREAT BLUE BOLT? I SURE WOULD LIKE TO MEET HIM.

THAT'S HIM, JEFF... I'LL INTRODUCE YOU...

SHE'S O.K.



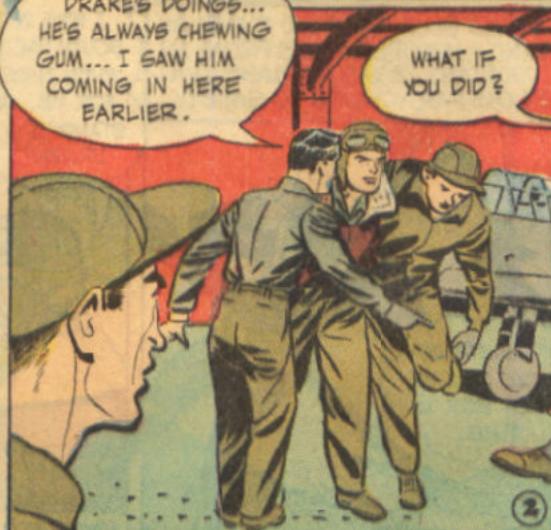
GLAD TO KNOW YOU, JEFF. MEET MY FRIEND, CHARLEY... WHAT'S THE MATTER?

...THIS IS ONE OF OUR PILOTS, JEFF WILSON.

HANG IT ALL, I'VE GUM ON MY SHOE.

THAT'S STEVE DRAKES DOINGS... HE'S ALWAYS CHEWING GUM... I SAW HIM COMING IN HERE EARLIER.

WHAT IF YOU DID?



A FEW MINUTES AFTER THE TAKE-OFF--



Which two words mean the same: ignite, ignore, igloo, kine, kindle, kink?

QUESTION
No. 18

BUT SUDDENLY...

YOU'RE COMING
WITH US,
WISE GUY!

HEY,
WHAT IS
THIS?



AS CHARLEY LUNGES WITH
FISTS CLENCHED...

YOU'LL
FIND
OUT!

QUICK, GET
'EM TO OUR
PLANE.



AN HOUR LATER, BLUE BOLT
AND CHARLEY OPEN PUZZLED
EYES...

SOME FIX!.. THIS
MUST BE THEIR HIDE-
OUT... AND WE'VE GOT
TO GET OUT, PAL.

HOW?



ANY
IDEAS?

NO... YES...
MAYBE... MM...
THAT GLASS ON
THE TABLE... IF
I KICK IT OVER...



SIDLING TO THE TABLE, THE
DARING PILOT SWINGS HIS
LEGS IN A WIDE ARC, AND...



NOW, CUT
THE ROPE ON
ONE OF THESE
SHARP
EDGES...

SOMEONE'S
COMING...



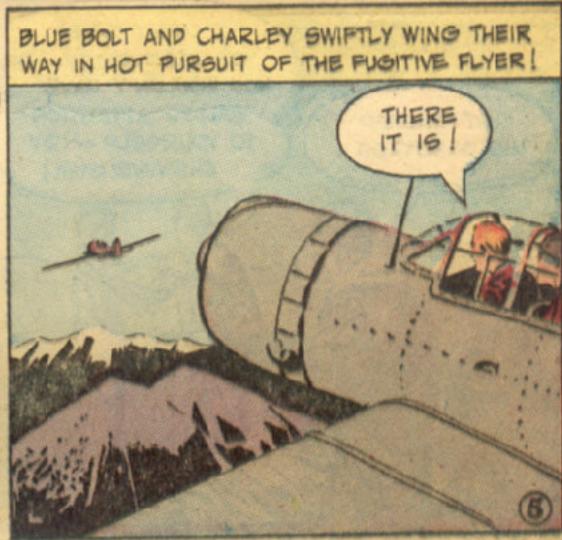
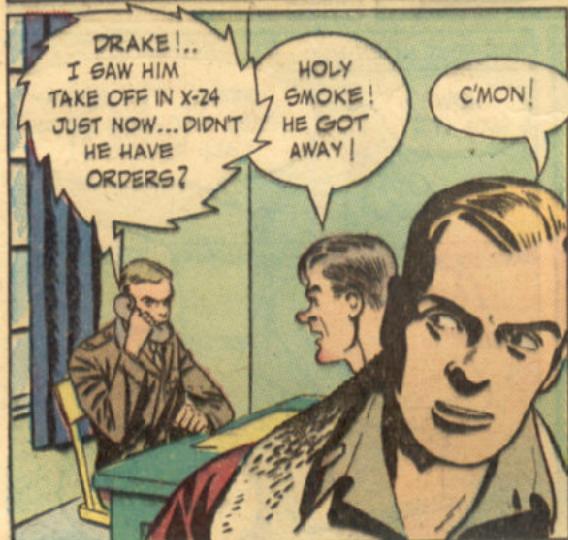
QUICKLY THEY RIGHT THE TABLE AND HIDE THE
GLASS --

SO YOU GUYS FOUND HOW
THEM PLANES EXPLODED. THE
BOSS SAID YOU WAS FLYING
THE PLANE. WE FOLLOWED IN
CASE YOU GOT WISE.

WHO'S
YOUR
BOSS?



WHAT D'YOU
CARE? YOU'RE
GOING TO DIE!



Who or what is "the flying duo" mentioned in fourth picture?

QUESTION
No. 14.

AS BLUE BOLT SPEEDS NEARER...



THE PLANES ROAR AND SPATTER IN FURIOUS DOG FIGHT.



A SWIFT SECOND LATER, BLUE BOLT SHOOTS-- STRAIGHT TO HIS TARGET!



HE'S GOING DOWN!

THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT, CHARLEY... HE WAS JUST AN INNOCENT VICTIM... WE'RE GOING DOWN!



BLUE BOLT AND CHARLEY SOON HAVE DRAKE IN TOW.

I GOT A CALL FROM THE COL. TO TAKE UP A PLANE. WHEN I GOT IN, HE WAS THERE -- GUN IN HAND...



IT'S SMITH!.. HE'S STILL ALIVE!.. I CONFESS. I'M A PAID-- SABOTEUR. WHEN YOU BROUGHT BACK MY MEN AS PRISONERS, I WAS AFRAID. I FADED THE CALL-- TO MAKE STEVE LOOK GUILTY-- BUT YOU, BLUE BOLT-- RUINED MY--



THAT FINISHED HIS SABOTAGE.

I DIDN'T THINK YOU WERE GUILTY-- OR YOU WOULDN'T HAVE CALLED ATTENTION TO YOURSELF-- BY CHEWING GUM!



THE NEXT MORNING...

HOW WAS IT?

GREAT! THAT SUPER-SPEED INVENTION BROKE ALL RECORDS!

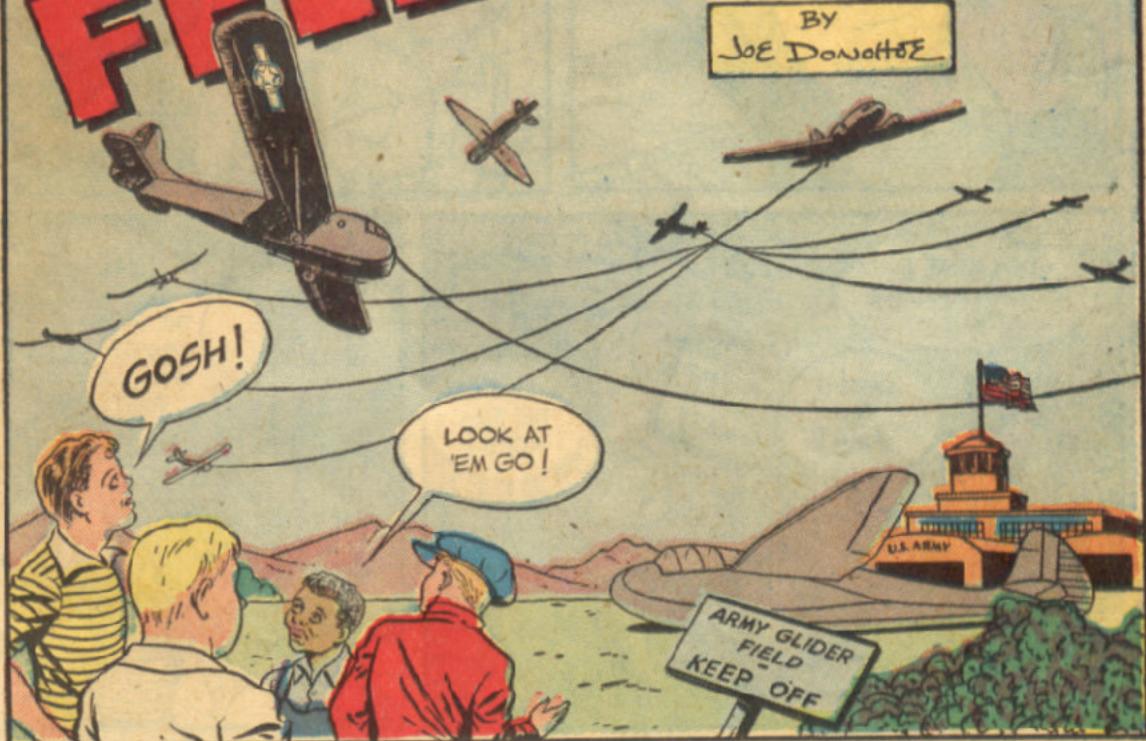


THANKS TO YOU, BLUE BOLT!

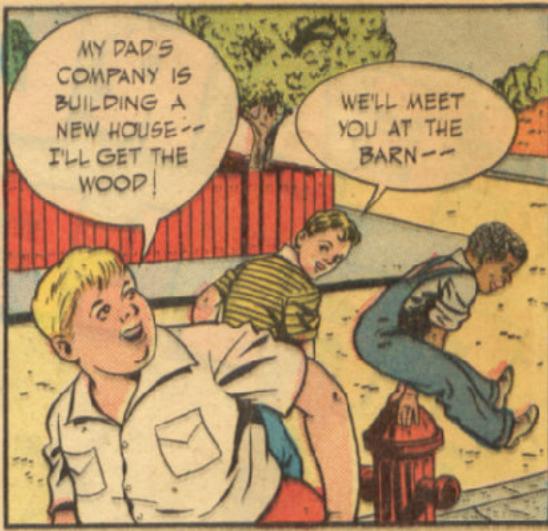
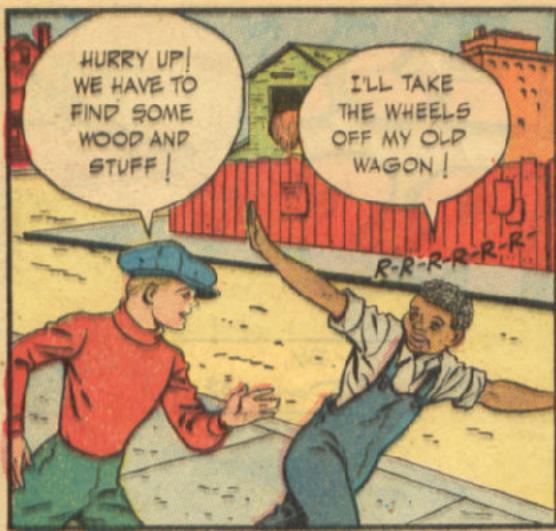
ENEMY GENERALS, DON'T LOOK NOW.
YOUR SHOW IS SLIPPING. YES, AND HOW!

FEARLESS FFLERS

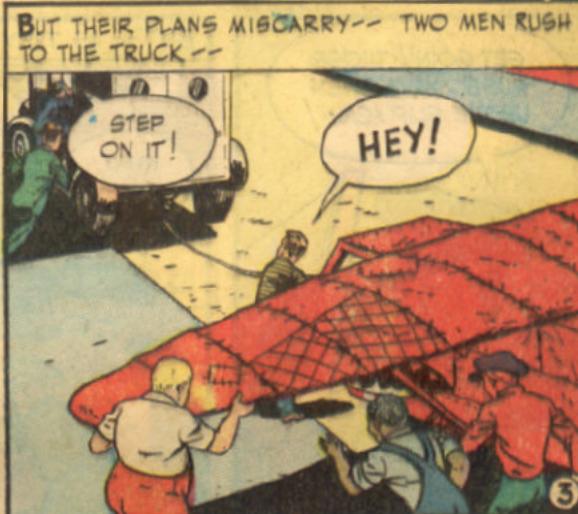
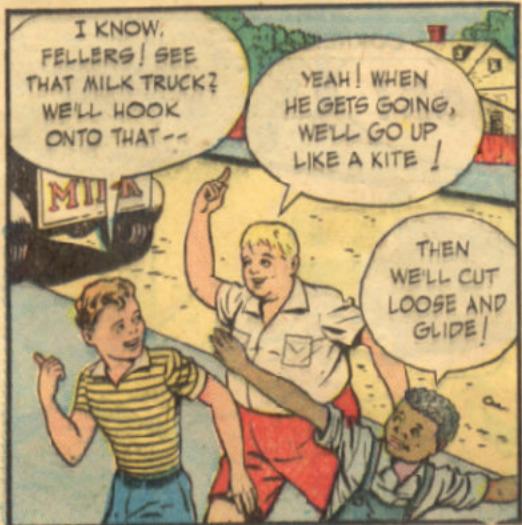
BY
JOE DONOHUE



SHOW THE RASCALS THEY CAN'T WIN
BY SAVING PAPER, FAT AND TIN.



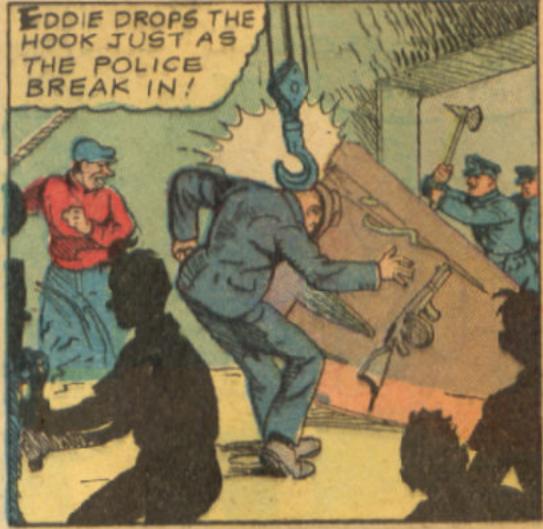
QUESTION No. 5 Is Pudge working on a fuselage or a fusillade in picture 6?



THE DOOR IS SLAMMED AND LOCKED--



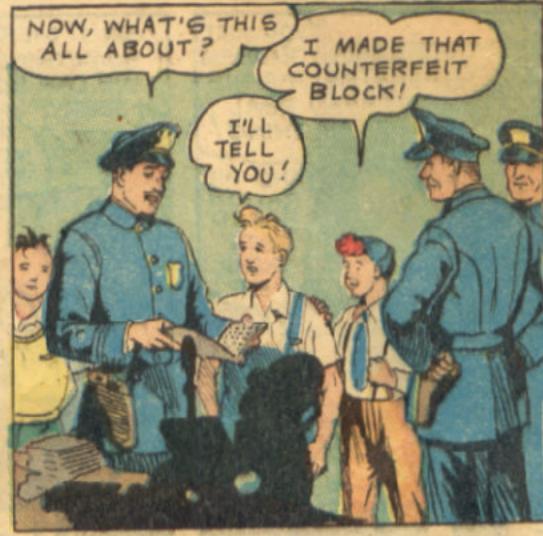
EDDIE DROPS THE HOOK JUST AS THE POLICE BREAK IN!



AND THE ENTIRE GANG IS ROUNDED UP WITHOUT ANOTHER SHOT.



NOW, WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?



INCIDENTALLY, THERE'S A \$1000 REWARD FOR BARNES'S CAPTURE!



BUT YOU ARE LIABLE FOR A HUGE FINE FOR COUNTERFEITING EVEN THOUGH YOU DID IT INNOCENTLY!

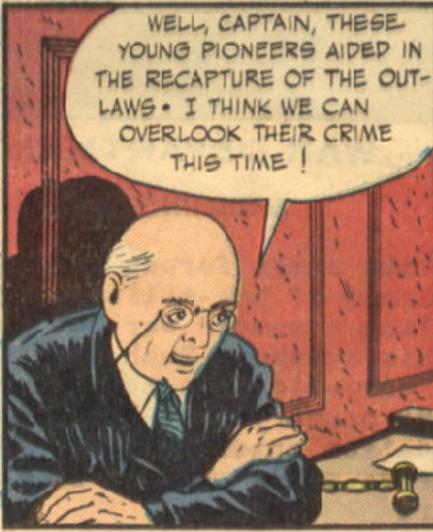
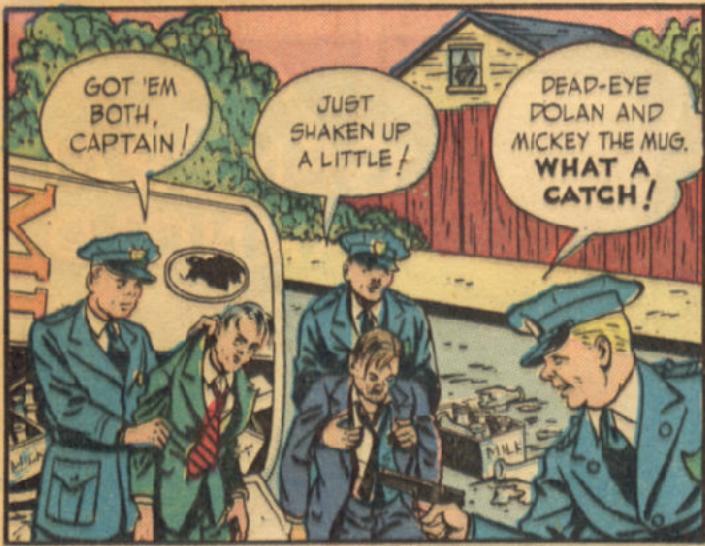


YOU CAN MAKE THE THIRD COLUMBUS' SHIP MODEL!



EDDIE BELL SHOWS YOU HOW TO MAKE A LINOLEUM BLOCK PRINT ON THE NEXT PAGE -- BUT REMEMBER, NO RATION STAMPS!

QUESTION No. 10. Would a policeman in real life destroy Federal evidence to help an honest boy?



What type of glasses is the judge wearing in picture 2? Q UESTION No. 6.

An important
message to the
BOYS and GIRLS
of AMERICA!

from
**GENERAL
ARNOLD**
COMMANDING GENERAL
U. S. ARMY
AIR FORCES

WAR DEPARTMENT

WASHINGTON

We of the armed forces urge every young man and woman of pre-military age who has been filling a summer war job to return to school this autumn. Such work is important, but your education has top priority. You will serve your country best by making the most of your education opportunities, for this is not only a brave man's war--it is also a smart man's war.

If you plan to enter military service, you will find that a good education offers the best assurance of progress and recognition. In all branches of service, we need trained leaders, engineers, scientists and specialists. And in the years to follow victory we will need them even more, as our nation charts its progress in the post-war world.




H. H. ARNOLD,
General, U. S. Army,
Commanding General, Army Air Forces.

OLD CAP HAWKINS' TRUE TALES



ENEMY GENERALS, DON'T LOOK NOW.
YOUR SHOW IS SLIPPING. YES, AND HOW!



ANCHORS AWEIGH! THE PLUCKY LITTLE BOAT BOUNDS ON THE SEA, UNMOLESTED. NIGHTFALL, AND SHE NEARS GUADALCANAL, WHEN SUDDENLY A SHOUT ARISES . . .



QUESTION No. 7. What is the name of the Guadalcanal airfield taken from the Japs?

THE VALIANT "CHALLENGER"
DARTS ON THE FRINGES
OF A RAGING BATTLE --

U.S. DESTROYERS,
SPEEDING TO CLEAN
OUT THE JAP FORCE! ...

OUR POPO GUNS
DON'T HELP
MUCH.

NOT A
HIT...

SEE
SOMETHING,
SIR?

JAP PLANES!
HEADED FOR OUR
DESTROYERS!

THOSE ZEROS WILL
PASS RIGHT OVER US.
THEY WANT BIGGER
GAME -- UNLESS WE
CAN DIVERT THEM!

MAN THE GUNS!
KEEP FIRING THE
OERLIKONS!
LIGHT FLAME
TORCHES! ...
SPREAD A SMOKE
SCREEN! USE
EVERY-
THING!

A FLOATING
FIRECRACKER!
SECRET WEAPON,
MAYBE • • MUST
BE DESTROYED...

SHE'S DROPPING HER
BOMB LOAD ON US!

HARD TO
STARBOARD!

IN A SPLIT SECOND THE "CHALLENGER" TURNS . . .

SHE SURE
WASTED HER
BOMB LOAD . . .

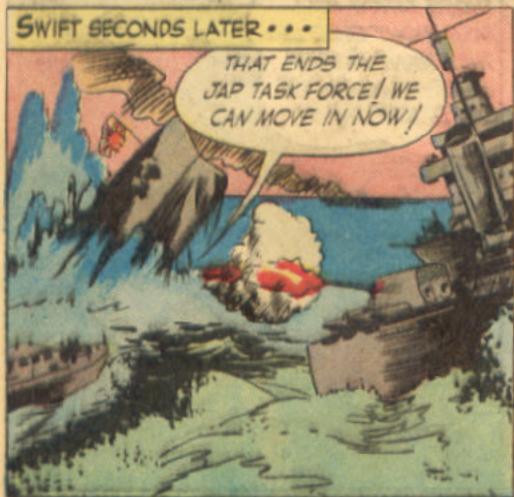


ONE OF
'EMS HIT!
AND THE OTHER TWO
ARE RUNNING OUT FAST!
GUESS THEY'RE GOING
TO REPORT OUR
NEW SECRET
WEAPON -



SWIFT SECONDS LATER . . .

THAT ENDS THE
JAP TASK FORCE! WE
CAN MOVE IN NOW!



THE
"CHALLENGER"
PROUDLY
SAILS INTO
PORT--
AND A BADLY
NEEDED
GASOLINE
SUPPLY IS
SOON TANKED
INTO AMERICAN
FIGHTING PLANES.
BUT THE
"CHALLENGER'S"
JOB THAT DAY
ISN'T DONE YET!

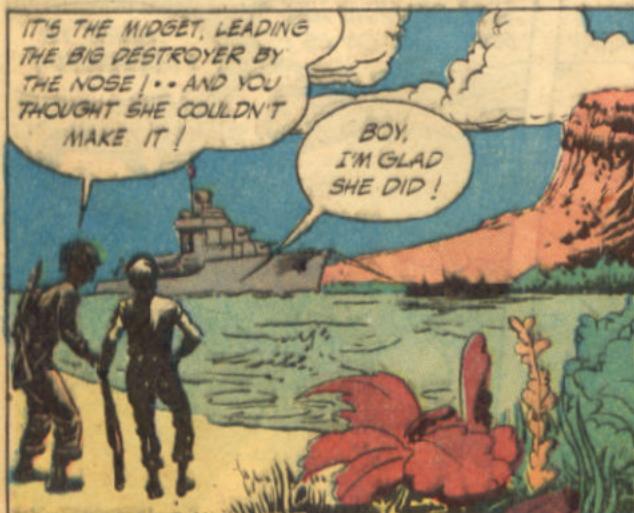
THE MCFARLAND'S
BEEN DAMAGED .
SHELL HAVE TO PUT
IN AT OUR BASE
FOR REPAIRS .
PREPARE TO
TOW HER .

AYE, SIR!
WE'LL GET THE
TOW WARP .



IT'S THE MIDGET, LEADING
THE BIG DESTROYER BY
THE NOSE! -- AND YOU
THOUGHT SHE COULDN'T
MAKE IT!

BOY,
I'M GLAD
SHE DID!



IT'S THE BEST \$10 I
EVER LOST. AND IT
TEACHES ME A LESSON.
THOSE LITTLE BOATS
ARE DOING A BIG JOB
FOR VICTORY .

NOW THAT YOU
KNOW, SAVE YOUR
MONEY, LEATHER-
NECK.



SLAP THE JAP BY SAVING SCRAP!

Sergeant Spook



JERRY IS SPENDING THE NIGHT WITH HIS FRIEND, PUD... BUT BEFORE TURNING IN, THE BOYS BECOME ENgrossed IN A BIG ILLUSTRATED BOOK "WONDERS OF AMERICA"

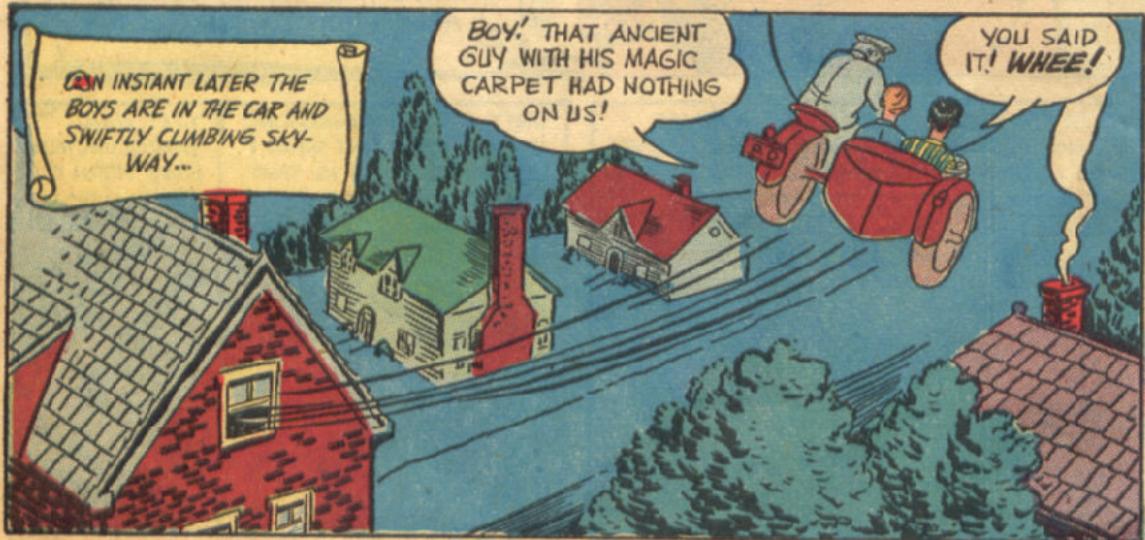
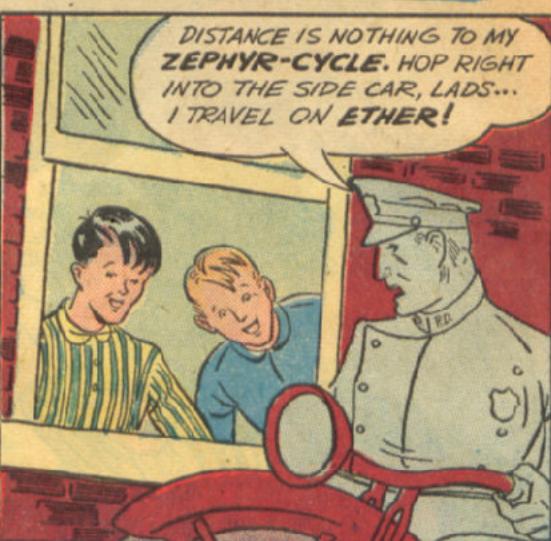
BOY! LOOK AT THIS SHOT OF THE GRAND COULEE DAM... JUST THINK, IT'S 4100 FEET LONG!

THAT'S A SWELL ENGINEERING JOB ALL RIGHT, BUT WHAT I LIKE BEST OF ALL IS THAT MT. RUSHMORE MEMORIAL!

THAT MAN, BORGLOM, MUST HAVE WORN OUT A FLOCK OF CHISELS!



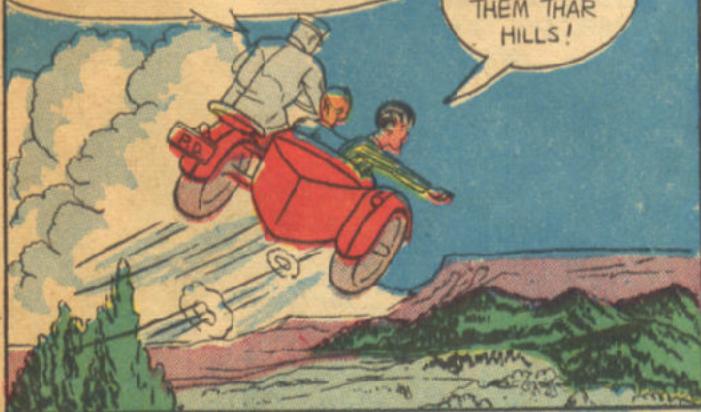
DON'T EVER DOUBT IT. THE STAMPS YOU BUY WILL SWEEP THE AXIS FROM THE SKY.



WERE NOW OVER THE BLACK HILLS
INDIAN RESERVATION, LADS... THIS IS
ALSO ONE OF THE RICHEST GOLD
MINING AREAS IN THE U.S.

SO THERE
IS GOLD IN
THEM THAR
HILLS!

OKAY, BOYS, DISMOUNT
AND LOOK ABOUT-



OUCH!
GET OFF
MY NOSE—
IT TICKLES!

W-WHO
WAS THAT?



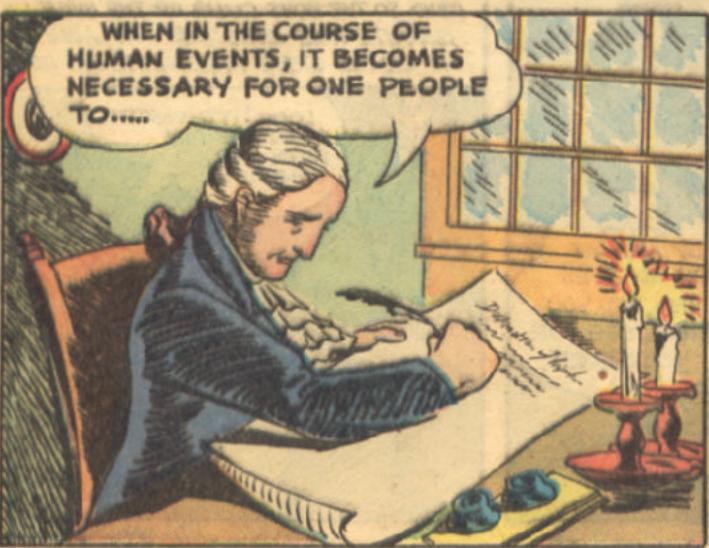
I SURE WOULD LIKED TO
HAVE SEEN YOU AT VALLEY
FORGE, MR. WASHINGTON!

CLIMB
UP AND SIT
ON MY EYES
THEN, AND YOU
SHALL SEE FOR
YOURSSELVES.



Valley Forge is nearest what large city?

QUESTION
No. 15.



QUESTION
No. 16. Who was the second president of the United States?

...IT WAS STRANGE, TOO, THAT AT THAT VERY HOUR, MY GREATEST POLITICAL ENEMY, JOHN ADAMS, WAS DYING IN NEW ENGLAND. HIS LAST WORDS WERE: "AND JEFFERSON STILL SURVIVES ME!"

AND NOW LET US MEET THE GREAT EMANCIPATOR, SIXTEENTH PRESIDENT OF THE U.S.—ABRAHAM LINCOLN!

HURRY! LET'S CLIMB UP TO HIS EYES...MAYBE WE CAN SEE HIM AT GETTYSBURG!

FROM THE EYES OF THE CIVIL WAR PRESIDENT, THE BOYS SEE THE DEDICATION CEREMONIES AT THE NATIONAL CEMETERY AT GETTYSBURG, PA., NOVEMBER 1863!
MR. LINCOLN IS SPEAKING...

FOUR SCORE AND SEVEN YEARS AGO...

YOU DON'T HAVE TO FINISH, MR. LINCOLN, ALL US SCHOOL KIDS KNOW THAT SPEECH BY HEART!

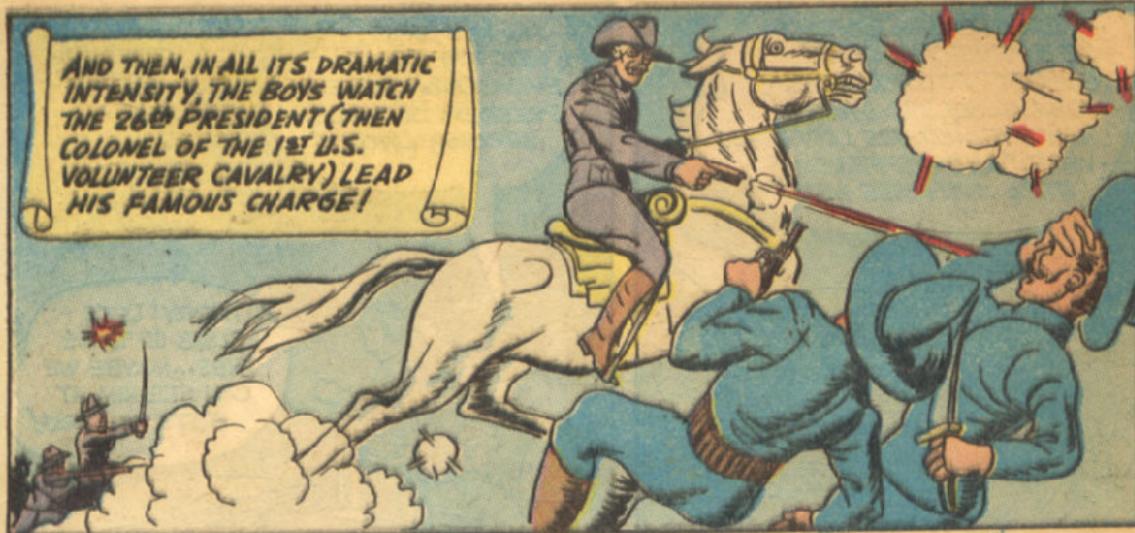
COME OVER HERE, BOYS. I'D LIKE TO SHOW YOU HOW I LED THE CHARGE OF THE ROUGH RIDERS UP SAN JUAN HILL IN CUBA BACK IN '98!

GEE, TEDDY. THAT'LL BE A REAL THRILL!

CAREFUL NOW. DON'T BREAK MY GLASSES!

LET'S GO!

AND THEN, IN ALL ITS DRAMATIC INTENSITY, THE BOYS WATCH THE 26TH PRESIDENT (THEN COLONEL OF THE 1ST U.S. VOLUNTEER CAVALRY) LEAD HIS FAMOUS CHARGE!



YOU SHOULD KNOW TOO, BOYS, THAT BESIDES BEING A FAMOUS PRESIDENT, THEODORE ROOSEVELT AUTHORIZED CONSTRUCTION OF THE PANAMA CANAL...ONE OF OUR COUNTRY'S MOST PRICELESS POSSESSIONS!



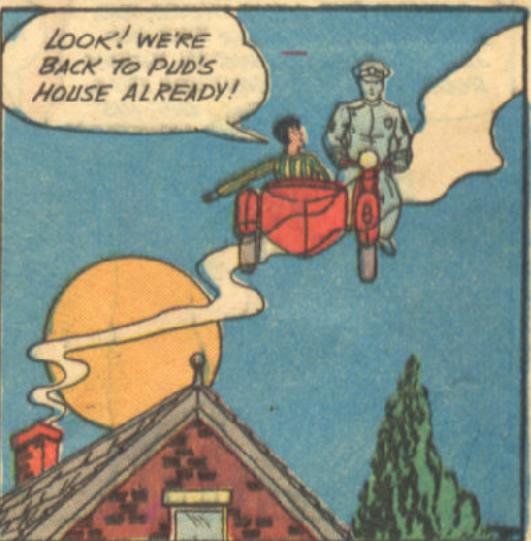
WELL, PUD... I THINK IT'S TIME WE GOT HOME... YOUR MA'LL BE WORRIED IF WE'RE NOT THERE FOR BREAKFAST...

GEE, YOU'RE RIGHT, JERRY!

THEN SUDDENLY, PUD SEEMS TO LOSE HIS FOOTING...

HELP!
I'M FALLING OFF TEDDY'S MOUSTACHE!







SAVE TIN AND PAPER, WOOD AND SCRAP,
HELP SWEEP THE ENEMY OFF THE MAP.

FREE 150 POWER MICROSCOPE

with this offer



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READY
TO USE



PACKED WITH 1,000 PICTURES

This sensational volume is easy to read, thrilling to follow, simple to understand. Photographs explain the text, picture-diagrams illustrate the stories, and pictorial life-stories simplify the exciting information. There are dozens of absorbing chapters on thousands of animals, plants and human life. Hundreds and hundreds of pictures of every kind and size, and even wonderful panoramic pictures OVER A FOOT WIDE. Learn nature and science the quick, new, easy, picture-story way. Your friends will soon be astonished by your immense knowledge. Everyone will admire you.



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secrets and wonders of living things — insects, microbes, foods, minerals, etc. — beautiful, monstrous, strange and bewildering . . . Study these thousands of objects by turning on them this 150-power microscope — perform simple and startling experiments on them, and become the envy of your friends.

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ORDER
WHILE
SUPPLY
LASTS

**Boys!
Girls!**

CHOOSE YOUR PRIZE



YOUR NAME IN
PURE GOLD



Color-Illustrated
FAMILY BIBLE

— with your name in gold
on the cover. Sell only one
order.



LAMP & PEN SET

A good-looking desk
lamp with a fountain pen
in the base. Given for
selling one order, plus
\$1.25 extra.

Gene Autry Holster Set

BOYS! Here's the set you've wanted.
Texan-type Pistol, jewelled
Holster, leather belt, kerchief
and ionet. All given for
selling only one order.



BOYS! Be an ACE!

PRE-FLIGHT TRAINING SET —
Exactly like regular
airplane cockpit —
every instrument
moves. Gun sight and
canon trigger too.
This complete outfit for
selling only one order.

This set starts your training



FALCON CAMERA
with carrying case.

Candid-type, takes 16 pictures
on each roll of film.
Given for selling one order,
plus \$2.00 extra.

Purse and Compact Set



A pretty purse with a
double metal frame,
choice of colors. A full-size
Compact. BOTH given
for selling one order.



Plenty of noise — plenty of fun — with this big
gun. Operates on a swivel — or dismounted —
like army guns. Sell only one order.

Complete Chemistry Set

Famous "Chemcraft" Set, for interesting experiments — and Magic Book of 50 Mysterious Chemistry Exhibitions. Sell only one order.



**OTHER PRIZES
FOR YOU**

Given as explained in our
BIG PRIZE SHEET

- War Games
- Army Holster Set
- Model Airplane Kit
- "Pepperell" Blankets
- Shuffleboard Game
- Flashlight
- Perfume Lamp
- Fashion Doll
- "Old Spice" Set

Vanity Dresser Set

GIRLS! Get this pretty set for
your dresser. Five full-size
pieces, choice of colors — Rose
or Blue. Given for selling only
one order.



"AMERICAN LADY"



BILLFOLD
A smartly-styled girl's wallet
with your initials in gold. Sell
only one order.

"SECRET COMPARTMENT" WALLET for
Men and Boys. Your
name in gold. Sell only
one order.



**OFFICIAL SIZE
FOOTBALL**

Tough and sturdy. A swell
prize given without cost for
selling only one order.

Touchdown!



**TWIRL-A-TUNE
PHONOGRAPH**

For Boys and Girls!
Given for sell-
ing only one
order, plus \$1.00
extra.



GET YOUR PRIZE THIS EASY WAY

BOYS! GIRLS! Do like thousands of others. Get swell prizes for yourself or gifts for Mother and Dad. More prizes shown above and many others in our **BIG PRIZE SHEET** or **GIVEN WITHOUT A CENT OF COST** for selling 40 Xmas Packs at 10c each. Some of the bigger prizes require extra money as stated in **BIG PRIZE SHEET**. It is easy to sell these Xmas Packs to your family, friends and neighbors. Each pack contains 96 Sparkling Xmas Seals in brilliant colors — a big value. When sold, send us the money and choose your prize from our Big Prize Sheet.

Mail the coupon today for Xmas Packs and our Big Prize Sheet — tell us what prize you want.

SEND NO MONEY — WE TRUST YOU.

AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO., Dept. S-99, Lancaster, Pa.

AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO. Dept. S-99, Lancaster, Pa.

Please send me your Big Prize Sheet and one order of 40 Xmas
Packs. I will resell them at 10c each, send you the money, and
get my prize.

My choice of prize is _____

Name _____

Street Address
or R.F.D. Box _____

City _____

State _____